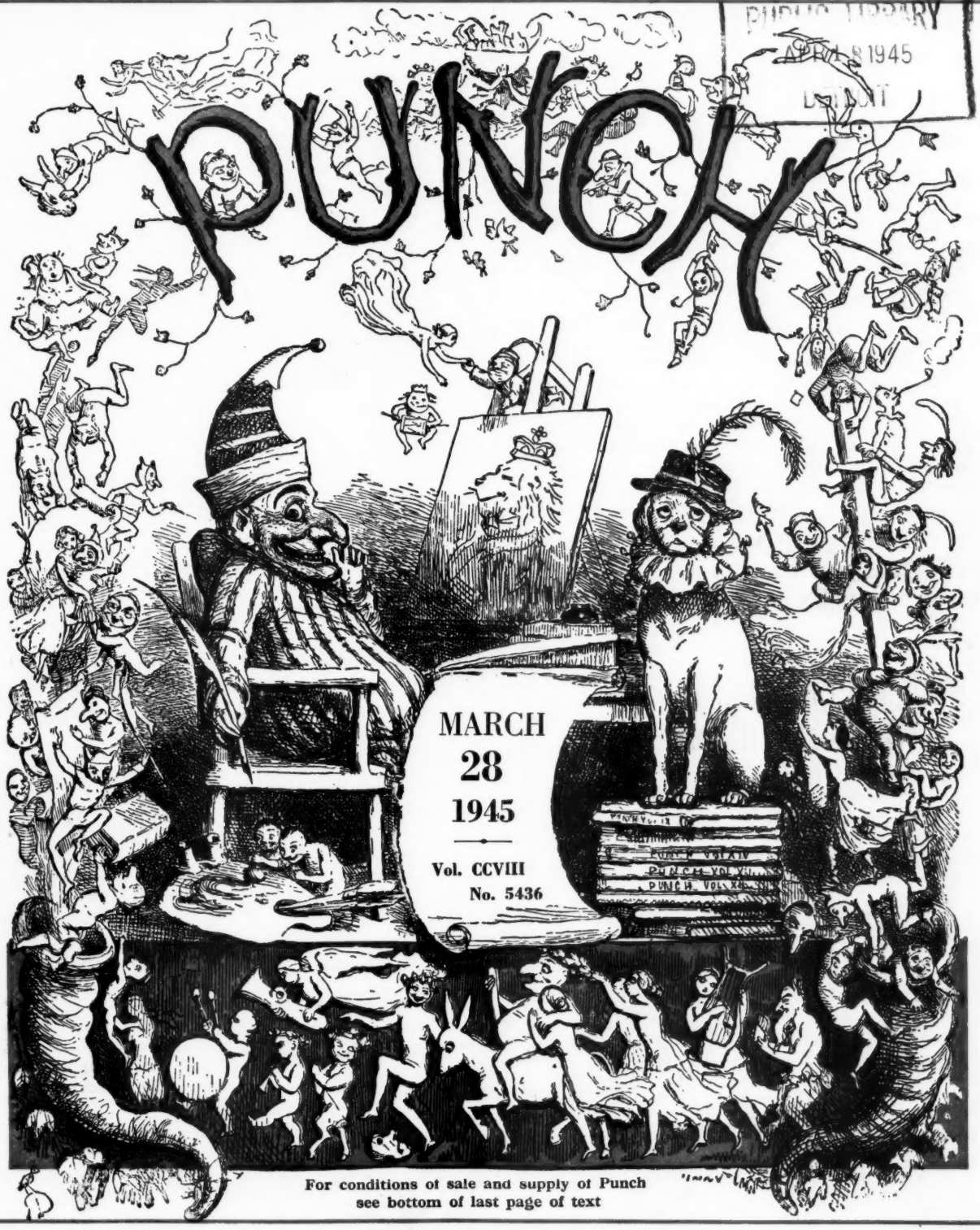
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MARCH
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No. 5436

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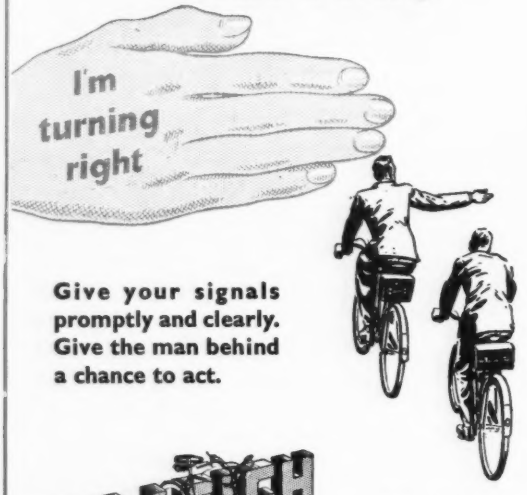
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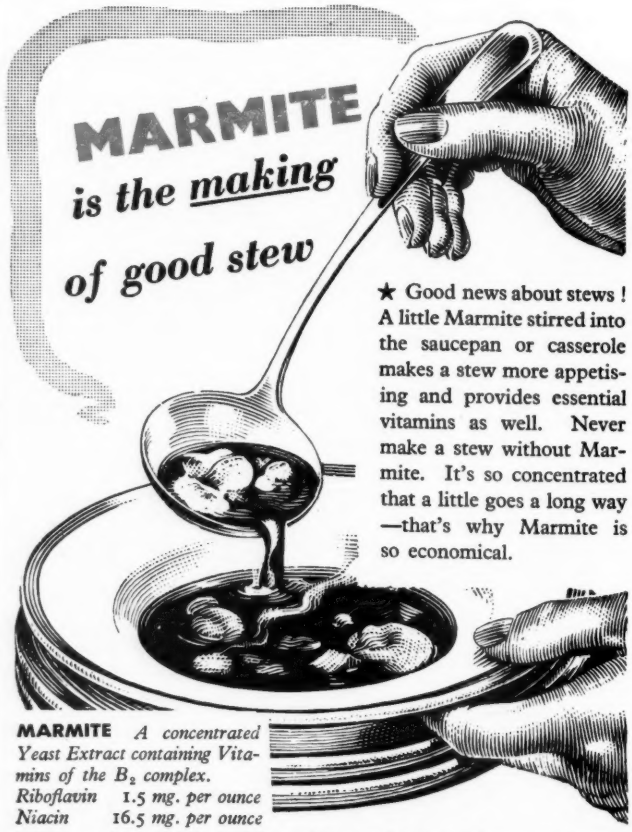
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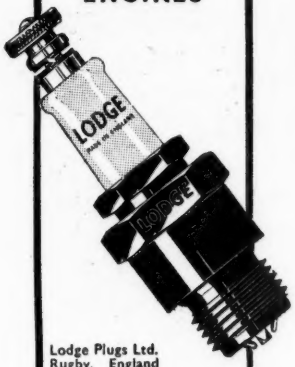
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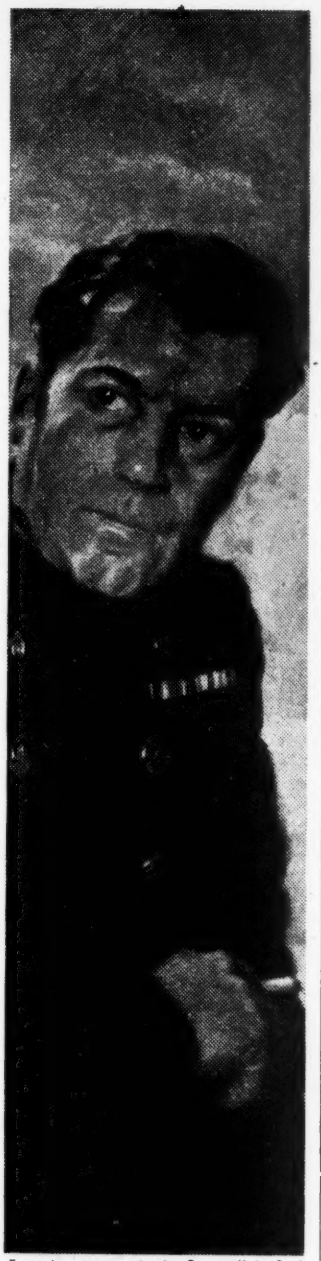
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From the painting "London Fireman" by Paul Dessau, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1944.

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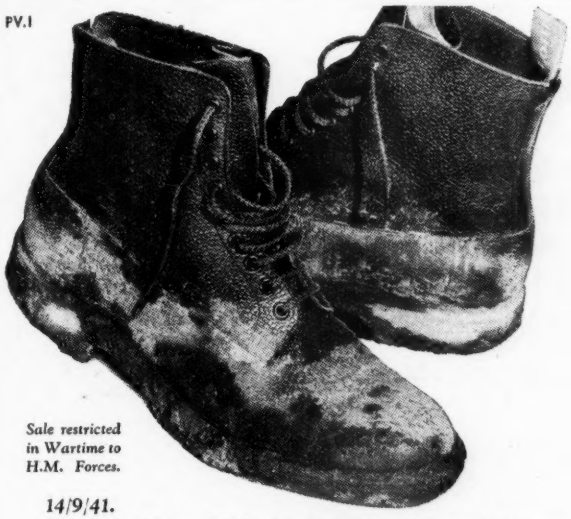
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Whenever I see hands in a stocking I think: "Ah—

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'GOR-RAY' *Skirts*

It's clever cut that prevents a "Gor-ray" Skirt 'seating,' that gives it that swing as you hurry on your way. The "Zwow" man-style pocket is another extremely attractive convenience.

All the better for the "Zwow" pocket.

Issued by C. Stilitz, Royal Leamington Spa

GOR-RAY 103K

Great Scotch!



A successful quest for Old Angus is grand compensation for previous disappointments. Its amber depths raise anticipation to new peaks. Its smoothness and gentle strength realise every expectation. Its after-glow brings warmth and a deep satisfaction.

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH — *Gentle as a lamb*

OA. 8c

Give your digestion this REST-cure



THERE would be less indigestion if people would only give their digestive organs a REST now and then, especially when tired. Instead of a full meal which strains the digestion, have a cup of Benger's Food to soothe the stomach and give it a chance to recover. Benger's provides the warmth and nourishment you need whilst giving your digestion rest and strength.

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ONE TABLET
ONE COUPON



That's the way with

MANSION

ANTISEPTIC WAX

POLISH

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINOLEUM

USE SPARINGLY — STILL IN SHORT SUPPLY.



PUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCVIII No. 5436 March 28 1945

Charivaria

A WRITER suggests that Hitler's death on the battlefield may be faked. It will probably be assigned to the author of his heroic life-story.

o o

That the war in Europe may end sooner than autumn is now admitted even by those who thought it would certainly not last much longer than late summer.



o o

A Bolt-Hole

"When a man is accused he may escape punishment if he has an alley by."
Schoolboy's essay on "The Law."

o o

Visitors of all nationalities throng to the Zoo. Keepers haunt the parrot-house in their off-duty hours in the nostalgic hope of hearing a little English spoken.

o o

A labourer has inherited a million. It will, however, make no difference to his feelings towards his foreman.

o o

"A Yorkshire cricket-team could be fielded that would represent this country very worthily," says a Leeds correspondent. Doubtless. But we fancy the post-war tendency will be for an all-England side to be something in the nature of a Coalition.

o o

On the Western Front recently a Nazi battalion counter-attacked to recapture a hamlet. For an hour or so the issue so hung in the balance that one or two of our most recent allies almost became neutral again.

o o

Germans sandwiched between the Allies and the Gestapo are at their wits' end whether to claim that they never liked Hitler or to protest that if they ever said so they deny the allegation.

Arrangements have now been completed for the escaped German prisoners to celebrate Peace quietly at the old address.

o o

"Briton escapes after bluffing the Nazis for three years," ran a recent news item. Any hopes for Hitler after thirteen?

o o

"No Reprisals," says a heading. Not even films made in London of American books with New York settings?



o o

"After the war it may be possible for me to turn on the tap marked 'Hot' and get hot water," says a correspondent. Or else science may have got as far as making the tap issue its own fuel warnings.

o o

It was said of a boy accused of gambling with street bookmakers that he had formerly sung in a church choir. In those days he achieved many a sweet childish treble but had been out of luck since his voice broke.

o o

A boy recently stole a microscope to aid his studies. He was not hinting, however, that the amount of homework was too small.

o o



o

This Week's Metaphor

"Nobody can tell when the gong will sound for the decisive round. The German people treasures a national strength which weighs heavily in the scales. This asset will fully bear fruit only after a certain time, and the people must wait—although the cost of waiting is heavy—for the turn of the tide."
Report of Goebbels article.

o o

"Is there any way of getting rid of my inferiority complex?" asks a correspondent. One way is to join a queue.

Short Story

THEY are telling the tale, I tell you, said Caraway, of Patrick O'Flanagan, who bought a fine house in pieces, a wooden house it was, and he bought it by reason of a notice in *The Times* newspaper, that there it was, this house, ready to be sent to all and sundry so soon as the man was given the money for it, and O'Flanagan sent the money, and the house came to him in great vans. That is how they are telling the tale to me.

But why, I said to him, should you tell it to me like that, even if that is the way they were telling it to you? I don't like it. I don't care for that sort of thing at all.

You'll not be the first who has suffered then, said Caraway, and he went on for all the world like a barrel-organ.

So Patrick O'Flanagan was moving out of the house he lived in because the rent was put up on him, and there was his furniture outside it, and himself in a little donkey-cart.

Ass-cart, I said.

In a little donkey-carriage with his wife and his children, and a dog, and a cage, and canaries in it, and the great vans with the house came along and joined the procession, and where to? said the men, and Patrick rubbed his hair and, I hadn't thought of this yet, he said, but we'll find a place to put my new house in, sure enough. And they came to a great mansion, and ruined it was, with no windows and nobody inside at all, and the roof broken and a great garden behind, and put up my house in that garden, said he, and be quick with it.

You'll be having to go to the Town Hall first, they told him.

And for why?

Else you'll be having the police on us, they said.

So he turned the whole procession round, and up to the Town Hall they went and, here I am with my new house, said he, and my furniture and all, and where can I put it down?

And the young man and the old man put their heads out of little hutches, like rabbits they were, and said, you can't have a place to put your house so be it you haven't bought a piece of ground, and been given a permit for this and that, and filled up so and the other, and applied to what and to whom, and they gave him a hundred and forty pieces of brown paper, with a hundred and fifty questions on each, and wished him godspeed, and told him to be gone.

But Patrick saw there was a fine big piece of ground right in front of the Town Hall itself and it empty.

No, no, I cried. Not it empty. That is a kind of talk I can't stand.

And it empty, and he said to the men to put his house right in front of the Town Hall, it's a good place to be, where I can fill up my forms in peace and comfort, and you building it in the meantime. But they set the police on him, and, go, they said, and go? said he, but how can I go, with no petrol-gas to be gone with? So they gave him some petrol-gas, and he went to the next borough, and the next, and it was the same tale they told him there. Night and day they went on.

And who would be paying the men, I said, and who would be feeding them?

Why, O'Flanagan himself, and very happy they were, stopping and drinking at the public-houses, and telling of the great wooden house they had in the carts, and all the rooms there were in it. And so they went roaring and rumbling through all the cities of England, but no one would sell O'Flanagan any piece of ground, for, they said, here's a housing scheme going to be planned, and here's a green belt on a blue paper, and here's a ribbon road on a pink paper one day, here's a garden city that might be one day yet, and here's an elegant block of flats that's to be put up in the next two hundred years, and you must go the Board of Works, and you must ask the Ministry of Housing himself, and you must talk to the Committee of one and the other, and more forms they gave him, till the donkey-carriage was full of them, and his wife in tears, and one of the canaries died on him, and he was a tired man, for the police kept riding before and behind the procession to see it stopped nowhere, and he would not set up the house he had and live in it.

A tired man he was.

But I am a more tired man, said I. Leave alone what happened to O'Flanagan going from place to place with his house and his carts and his canaries and all, and tell me the end of the tale that you tell me they were telling you about him. I notice, Caraway, that you have not used the word faith so far, and it waiting to be used.

Faith the end was, he said, there was no further use in trying to put up his house that he had, and he with no money left to him at all, and the men crying out to go home and be done with it. So he went to the telephone in a little glass box, and he read the book through, and here's where we'll go, boys, said he, and he turned the procession round again and drove to it.

And where was that?

They called it The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, that was the name they gave it, and he had all his house, in parts it was, put down in the dark of the moon before that place, and he put a letter with it to say, Sirs, he said, there's many and many an old house built long ago that's full of history and ghosts, and being preserved for the nation, by reason of the fear it will fall to the ground, but this is the first house that's never been built at all, and been given to the nation for the cause that there's no place to set it up in England's green and pleasant land, Obediently Patrick O'Flanagan.

And he sent the men home, and went away in his donkey-carriage.

What did he do next? I said.

They didn't tell me what happened afterwards in the tale they told.

And I'm glad of that, said I. EVOE.

o o

"Though the police do not know the identity of the burglar they know his methods well. They have been able vividly to reconstruct his crimes. He first takes off his boots and carefully lays them on the ground near the wall he intends to scale. He then puts on a pair of rubber-soled gym shoes and climbs the building by the drain pipe. Experts know that in his rubber shoes he is skilful enough to walk round narrow parapets of a building in quick time. But the first time he slips or trips they think his body will be a clue to his identity."—"*The Eastern Times.*"

Something to go on, anyway.

o o

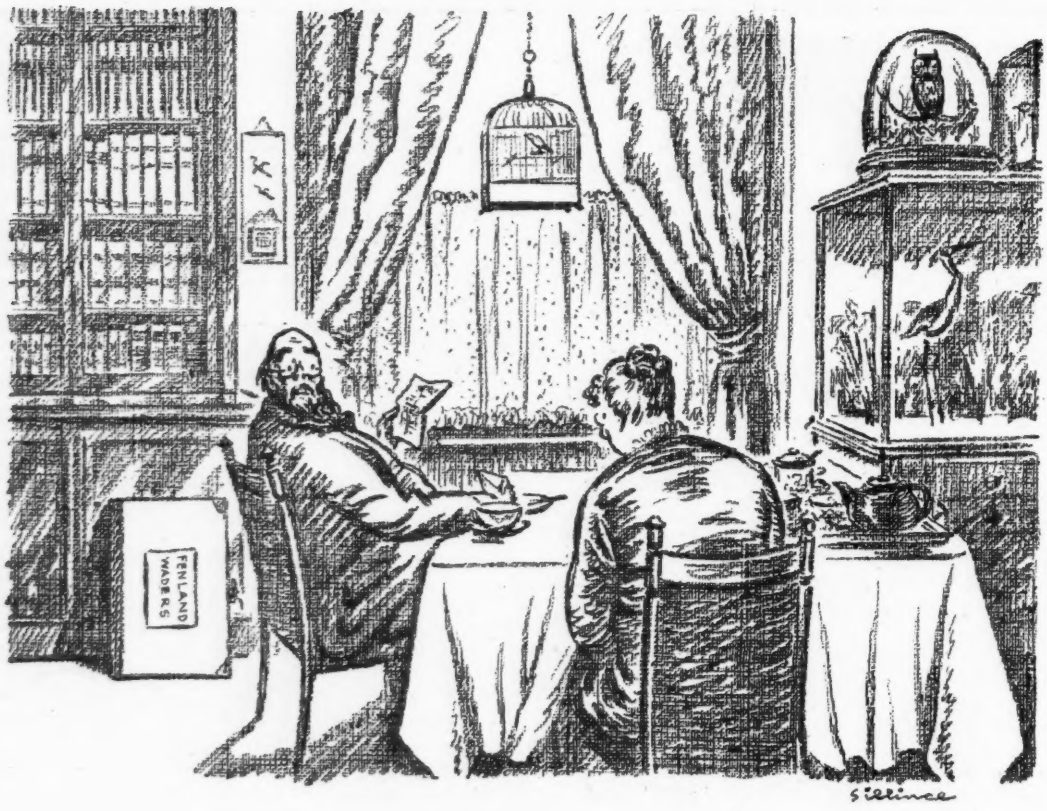
"LESS DRUNKENNESS AT CHURCH"
Heading in Northern paper.

Keep it up! Keep it up!



THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND

["A sub-standard of accommodation will have to be accepted during the housing emergency."—*Mr. George Hicks, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works.*]



"It's from the Editor of 'The Times' informing me that he has heard the cuckoo!"

The Memoirs of Mipsie

By Blanche Addle of Eigg

VI—Engagement

ALTHOUGH my dear father and mother naturally wished to see their daughters married well, they were sufficiently idealistic in their attitude to matrimony to leave us entirely free in our choice, only stipulating that we should marry into the peerage (indeed we scarcely knew anyone outside it, so this was a needless precaution), and that our future husbands should have not less than £10,000 a year, so that we should be spared the misery of finding out for ourselves that "Love flies out of the window when Economy comes in at the door," as the old saying goes. "Ah, my dear," I recollect an elderly lady saying to me when I was about twenty years of age, "no one who hasn't experienced it knows the agony of soul that poverty and squalor bring." She was speaking of the sale of their beautiful steam yacht which had to be effected before her husband could purchase one slightly larger.

My father was perhaps slightly more ambitious for his children than mama was. I remember his referring to a certain German prince who sought Mipsie's hand as "jumped-up eighteenth-century royalty," and on another occasion he nipped in the bud what might have been a serious romance between myself and the very eligible Lord Gordon Dramm, heir to the marquisate of Deoch and Dorris. "Gor," in spite of his strict Scottish upbringing, had grown up decidedly unconventional, and was rumoured to be friendly with writers and even, some said, *artists*, though it doesn't do to believe all one hears. Apart from this there was nothing serious against him, and he was the jolliest person imaginable, entering into every social function with great gusto and spirit. He had begun to single me out for special attention (giving me once, with Celtic impetuosity, a sprig of white heather!), and it must be admitted that I was equally taken with him. But one evening, at a dance at my old home, Coots Balder, I was waltzing with another partner and looking out (as girls will!) for my special admirer, when I saw a sight that froze the bones in my marrow. Gor was waltzing with another girl—and *he was reversing!* Immediately the dance finished I fled to my room and flung myself on my bed in floods of tears. Next morning Gor left, after a stinging rebuke from papa, who afterwards told me never to

mention the name of "that bounder" again. It all shows what can happen to the best people by getting into the wrong company. Now of course I bless Gor for that solecism. I am sure my dear Addle has never done anything dishonourable or ungentlemanlike in his life. (Apart from anything else, he has never been sufficiently quick on his feet to manage the waltz at all.)

Perhaps it would be of interest to quote here two letters of my father's and mother's concerning Mipsie's future, which show the infinite and loving care with which parents in those days watched over their children's lives.

HOUSE OF LORDS
October 3rd, 1890

MY DEAREST ARABELLA,—I have made inquiries about young Harborough. He has 15 thou. it is true, but his estate is heavily encumbered, and his pedigree cattle and his mother cost him too much. They say Ld Skein is a warm man. He is too old for an heir probably, so Mipsie could marry again when he dies, or better still live with us and could enlarge the west wing as I have always planned. On the whole, however, I favour Briskett, even if his money is made in meat. He has the best moor in Scotland and a fine house in town next door to my club.

Yr affectionate husband, C.

COOTS BALDER
Oct. 6th

MY DEAR BOGGLE (my mother's pet-name for papa),—I recd your letter yesterday and hasten to reply. Dearest, do you really think that the Duke of Briskett would make Mipsie happy? Money is not everything, and I cannot bear to think of our dear girl in those stone corridors at Briskett Castle. I know I should never feel anything but shivery there myself. Have you thought about young Bodmin? Such a lovely place, as good as the Sth of France (you know what a shocking sailor I am), and I hear he is a nice young man, though illiterate, they say, but of course Mipsie would manage all his affairs for him. I beg you not to decide in a hurry. Mipsie's happiness is all that matters to both of us, I know.

Yr devoted NIBBLES
(my father's pet name for mama).

P.S.—I am told the Bodmin fishing is superb.

Eventually, as all the world knows, papa's wishes for Mipsie's future prevailed over those of my mother, and my sister became engaged to "Bovo" Briskett. She herself seemed oddly indifferent on the subject. I recollect her saying, with a strange bitterness for one so young, that she was beginning to find out that all men were of much the same pattern. Yet I think she was happy in those engagement days. We used to have great fun opening the shoals of beautiful presents in the Orangery. Mine was the task of jotting down the shop labels on each present, so that they could be returned later if desired, for Mipsie was far too considerate to return them to the donors direct. A propos, I cannot resist concluding with an amusing story of Mipsie's only slip in thanking for a gift.

It chanced that two royal dukes had both sent her a cake basket, Duke A's being of gold and Duke B's of silver. Mipsie *muddled up the dukes* (an easy mistake to make) and wrote the following to Duke B:

"I shall think of your Royal Highness every time I use your beautiful gift, which will be daily, as I love gold filigree above everything, and although I have been given a silver basket, shall never look at it, for it is far inferior in workmanship and material to your Royal Highness's."

A second exquisite gold filigree cake basket arrived by special courier next morning! M. D.

o o

Two Methods

(*Cairo 1944*)

JIMMY'S French
isn't bad.
But it isn't good either.
When he wanted a room
at the hotel
for the night
Jimmy
tried French,
the Manager was desolated,
and Jimmy
didn't get a room.

Henry
can't be bothered
with languages.
Half an hour later
he was asking
for a room
too.
The Manager was desolated.
But Henry
got heated,
and at one moment
was heard to shout
"I'll trouble you
to keep your mouth shut
when talking
to a British officer!"
(which became
a Cairo cliché
afterwards).

Henry
got his room.
The Manager
hadn't understood
what he was saying,
since English
is one of the few languages
he isn't good at.

But he knew Henry was angry
and he feared
the worst.

o o

Fraternization

Kultur Talk

MAJOR, what an honour of lodging you by us, in our house. Everything shall be of the best, let us hope, trusting of your complicity in furtherance of supply.

Major, would you care of a pianoforte in your room? We have music so much gladly among us. I myself have written much critique of Beethoven and my two daughters, they are quite pathetic at sing-song.

Major, please remember of Beethoven being a German. How he would have not been a Nazi! Think of that!

Major, do you fondly read poetry out of business hours? You have read Goethe? Schiller? Do you not riposte?

Major, let me tell you something. Here, all of us, we have read out of your Shakespeare. Which a great man was he. We admire him so of being great, almost we consider him a German poet. Think of that!

Major, I see you are intent upon the portraits. Beautiful, are they not? What a pleasure of you being interested in Artistics. Only observe the drawing of this study—masterly, is not so true?

Major, why do you ask a such question? My nephew the Overgroup-leader, the poor Hermann, so kindly obtained them in France. That is how they are come by.

What, Major? You plan to lock them up under inquiries? You think of them stolen out of an art-house? Never! You have lent ears to lying stories, to jaded rumours.

Major, how shall we get on among ourselves, you and us, if you take such tales at heart? Let us speak instead of the beauties of German music, with play.

Major . . . *Donnerwetter!*

At the Pictures

HOLLYWOOD ENGLISH, HOLLYWOOD GERMAN

As you no doubt know, *To-night and Every Night* (Director: VICTOR SAVILLE) is a gorgeous Technicolor tribute to London's Windmill Theatre—or at least to a London theatre that can say, as the Windmill can, "We Never Closed!" In this picture the claim is quoted as "We Never Missed a Show!" which gives plenty to think about when you see the kind of show the theatre is represented to be in the habit of putting on. Any theatre that, throughout the period of the worst bombing, never missed a performance of shows as big, as mechanically intricate, as elaborately and expensively mounted as those we see at the Music Box would have been working miracles. It may please the public to imagine that a show consists exclusively of the visible performers, but the idea that entertainments of this kind could have been put on with the help only of one or two back-stage handymen and a couple of Cockney cleaners is no less fantastic than the notion that any building smaller than Olympia would hold them anyway.

However, I have no doubt that the film was conceived as a "vehicle" for RITA HAYWORTH in the same key as *Cover Girl* (of which it is full of reminiscences), which being so, any concern for verisimilitude is out of place. This is *Cover Girl* again, with the effect, or the mood, of its most highly-praised scene (GENE KELLY's mirror-dance) repeated as often as possible in the appearances of a new and very good performer, MARC PLATT. In the story, this character is supposed to come from Manchester . . . which appears incredible, but no more incredible than the behaviour of all these Hollywood Londoners in a raid, or the raid itself (a bomb just over the road seems to have no blast effect at all). Once more, England is suggested by such things as the self-conscious broadening of the *a*, the word *wireless*, a policeman or a red pillar-box; for the U.S. audience of course this is plenty, but for us . . . for us, when the atmosphere is so wrong, it does not move the scene a mile east of North America. (Incidentally, how does "never missing a show" square with everybody's habit, as shown here, of instantly adjourning to the shelter as soon as the siren goes? What about those good old 5 P.M.–8 A.M. alerts?) But as a whole this is an entertaining piece of confectionery, with a good deal of genuinely thought-out and attractive design in the colour.



[*To-night and Every Night*

SELF-EXPRESSION

Tommy . . . . . MARC PLATT

To-morrow the World (Director: LESLIE FENTON) is another piece you probably know all about, an adaptation of the play about the boy Nazi who remains a fanatical Party-member even when brought to live in America, and is reformed only at the last moment by . . . I don't quite know by what. True, SKIPPY HOMEIER makes impressively believable the idea that this particular young Nazi broke down and became human in the end, but the story offers no generally applicable hints; impossible to get from it any ideas about the reformation of young Nazis in bulk—if you had thought of going to see it with that end in view, which I think hardly likely in spite of all the discussion. Even as a plain story it is not light entertainment, happy ending or no happy ending; it is intelligently and not heavily done, and there are amusing scenes, but I have no wish to see it again. The boy's performance is a remarkable bit of virtuosity; it is worth seeing for that, if you don't mind still another demonstration of the point of view that fine acting among the young means the ability to carry a hysterical weeping scene.



[*To-morrow the World*

PROBLEM GUEST

Emil . . . . . SKIPPY HOMEIER
Leona . . . . . BETTY FIELD
Mike Frame . . . . . FREDRIC MARCH

Easily the outstanding film of the fortnight is *The Fighting Lady*. This, like *The Memphis Belle*, was enlarged from a 16-mm. original, and the Technicolor is a little erratic partly no doubt for that reason and partly because the pictures were shot under "combat conditions." It is the story of a giant aircraft-carrier, and the battles she and her planes fought in the Pacific in 1943 and 1944. I have seldom seen anything more impressive than some of these air-fight pictures. The critics have strained for words and phrases in which to describe them; all I will say is that you will find the cumulative effect of these brilliantly-flashing, noisy, restless sequences a most memorable and astonishing experience.

R. M.

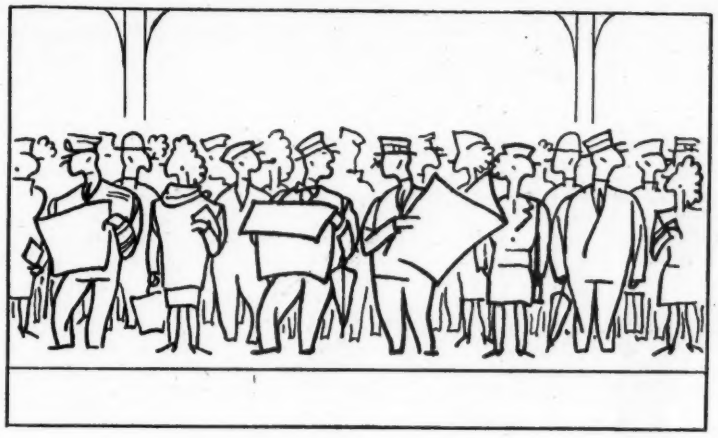
WE pray that it may not be long before a European tyranny worse than Napoleon's crashes to its doom and we can look back at the time when Britain alone barred the way to the evil hordes and say again with

WILLIAM PITT

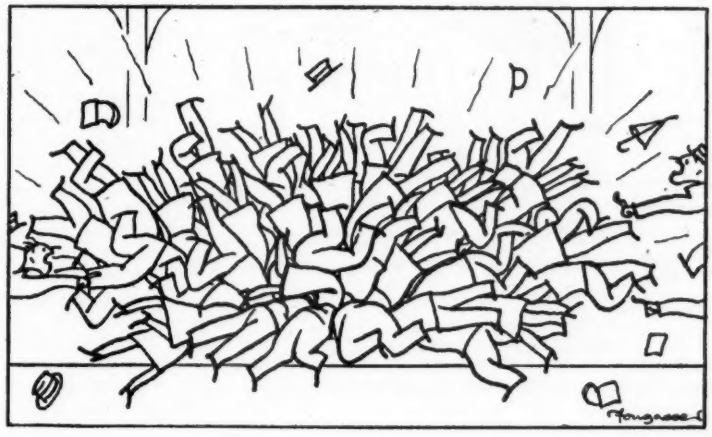
"England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, I trust, save Europe by her example."

We do not know how far distant that day is; but we do know that the needs of the Fighting Forces are greater than ever. They need everything we can give. Have you given all you can spare to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND? Every penny means that some fighting man somewhere can have more of the small comforts that mean so much. Send to-day to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940



"I'm just rather toying with the idea of—



letting my flat."

Line-Shoot

"LONDON, of townés a per se . . ."
So sang the ancient Scottish poet.
"London's all right," he meant; and we,
Back from the Burma jungle, know it.
Yes, every prospect pleases here,
Life's neither serious nor solemn,
Rice is on points, there's bags of beer,
And only Nelson's out on Column.

Here is no enemy to baulk,
I have no need of any sentry,
My bivouac in King's Bench Walk
Is guarded by a sign "No Entry."
My breakfast I consume in style,
No need for rice or roots or berries;
My daily march is but a mile
Along the Thames to Richmond Terrace;

No foes affright, no woes annoy,
I have no need of compass bearing,
No ambush threatens from Savoy,
No doubts about the C in Charing;
I do not have to search bamboos
In Bouverie Street for ration-dropping,
Nor worry over strange canoes
Reported yesterday from Wapping;

I do not need to make my bed
In Temple Gardens, nor to build all
My hopes on what that headman said
(Interrogated at the Guildhall);
I need no guide to Whitehall Court,
For if perchance I should be lost I'll
Just ask the way: patrols report
The natives not the least bit hostile;

There are no Japs in Pimlico,
Though maybe Subhas Chandra Bose is;
The enemy has left Soho,
Or so Intelligence supposes;
An agent by the names of Jules,
Head waiter at the Purple Heather,
Reliably reports that mules
Can use Pall Mall in any weather;

No ants devour my boots at night,
No leeches use me as a buffet,
No hungry insects buzz or bite,
No spiders stalk me like Miss Muffet;
London is just the place to be,
I wouldn't swap with anybody—
The Thames is good enough for me,
And you can have the Irrawaddy.

o o

"PAPER FOR BOOTS
EXTRA 10,000 TONS REFUSED"
Headings in daily paper.

Well, you know what Marie Antoinette would have said.

o o

Boast

"DEEP Pram, utility, for sale; Air Force blue, unscratched owner been away."
Advt. in Surrey paper.



"She's rather upset to-day, poor dear. She's had three proposals of marriage and a counterfeit half-crown."

Our Open Forum

XII—Can We Afford It?

Mr. Robinson J. Cawnlore, who makes this substantial contribution to our series of chats on Reconstruction, is calculating. Born with a silver-plated spoon in his mouth, he acquired the prizes of life as easily as Mr. Victor Ludorum. He has a flat in Mayfair, a country seat in Bedfordshire, a chalet in Switzerland and the promise of a Portal in September. Most of his capital, which runs into decimals, is in figs and pyrites. He was founder of the Coronation (Tip-up) Seats Co., has been chairman of the "Tonedef" Earplug Co., and is now a sleeping partner in the firm of Brown, McGregor and O'Hooligan Ltd. Mr. Cawnlore is well-groomed and reliably informed. He has issue.

I MUST confess, friends, that I am just a little tired of those week-end speakers who ask "Can we afford not to afford it?" Once you start on this sort of thing there's no stopping. I have myself used "But have we the means to afford not to afford it?" at the village institute and it was not really well received.

When I say afford "it" I mean of course National (*né* Social) Security. I mean progress with a capital £. I mean the hundred and one things that we have promised ourselves since 1940—houses, new and better medical services, more far-reaching education, improved shelters and so on. No, friends, I am not one of those who fall into the error of treating all problems as financial. I know that £, *s.* and *d.* are meaningless symbols—though I cannot help noting that the people who are so emphatic on this point regard the $ as loaded with meaning and even innuendo.

The truth is that no real analogy exists in matters of finance between the State and the individual. For the latter the distribution of expenditure is a simple exercise in mathematics. He deducts *x* for his taxes, *y* for his wife, and *o*, the remainder, is his and his alone. He may put some of it away for a Test Match at Manchester or he may squander it on wine and song. (Note.—Adjust slightly for bachelors.) The State, on the other hand, first decides how much to spend and then proceeds to collect it. Just like that.

A State, you see, can never be bankrupt. In 1939 there were simpletons in this country who thought that Italy and Germany were on the rocks, merely because they were a bit behind with their payments. And when Germany started fooling about with cardboard tanks these same saps jumped to the conclusion that the German threat was merely on paper or papier mâché. Yet look at Germany to-day—prostrate, destitute and pfennigless, if you like, but not bankrupt.

Are we, with our fine plans, cutting our garments according to our cloth? Or are we biting off more than we can chew? Merely to put these questions in a different form—ought we to be so keen on progress while the budget remains unbalanced?

As I see it, friends, we ought. We need more workers in our industrial hive and more workers will not be forthcoming until the State acts *in loco parentis*. It was Hammerfest of the *Argus* who said, "The hand that rocks the cradle rocks the Malthusian Theory to its foundations." The State must rock the cradle with larger family allowances. It must rock as it never rocked before—with drive, purpose and energy. And there must be no going back. Risks must be taken. After all, infants have amazing powers of recuperation.

I care little about these things for myself, for in another six or seven years all my own children will be breadwinners. But I love my country. I do not want it to slip back into the second division of the Great Powers.

And, now, please go on talking among yourselves. Ask each other whether we can afford not to overlook the fact that we cannot afford it. HOD.

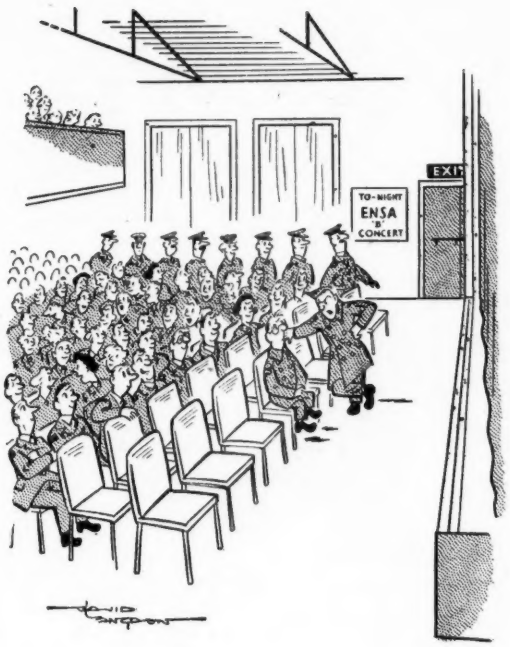
o o

The Mad Hatters

"BATTALION—REMOVE—HEADDRESS!" How wise of the Army never to have altered that old-fashioned command! No other word but headdress is all-embracing enough to include the extraordinary array of hats, caps, helmets, tam-o'-shanters and whatnots that we wear to-day.

In the old days, before we grew ashamed of the profession of arms, the headdress was frankly flamboyant. It was designed to look magnificent, to add dignity and even stature to the wearer. Think of the high episcopal hats of the foot-soldier of Wolfe's days, and of the guardsman's bearskin that has so properly survived to our own. Or the lifeguard's helmet or the hussar's busby or the general's plumed cocked hat. They were not designed for cheapness nor for utility nor even comfort, but to make a brave show. What wild madness has since seized the War Department?

Even when they first forsook pageantry they were consistent in pursuing utility. The spiked helmet of the infantry of the line (enshrined in the hearts of all who were



"Apart from the fact that the first two rows are reserved for officers, AND *that you're sitting in the Air Commodore's seat, I personally can't see any objection to your remaining here."*

brought up on the game of L'Attaque) was not beautiful but it had its uses. It shaded the eyes and it protected the back of the neck in those hot climates where we won the wars of the late nineteenth century. It may even have acted in some degree as a crash helmet for the field officer whose seat on a horse was none too secure. It is true that it was during this period that the authorities showed the first sign of that fey spirit which was later to get the upper hand. They introduced the messenger-boy pill-box hat perched fantastically over one ear. (I wonder how the regulation angle was described in General Orders. It was probably as out of touch with reality as the "one inch above the right eye, one inch above the right ear" of the modern fore-and-aft cap F.S.—or do I mean G.S.? No man's eyes and ears are in the right place to comply with that order.) But the pill-box was a passing fit of madness. A very reasonable compromise was found in the peaked cap; not showy, but smart and reasonably useful. The shrapnel helmet was not smart but it was definitely useful. Even the much-abused side-hat had its one use. It protected neither eyes nor neck against the sun, and it was ugly—ugly when correctly worn, uglier still when incorrectly worn, and no self-respecting private soldier would wear it correctly if he could help it. The desired air of rakish disreputability can only be acquired by wearing it from ear to ear across the head. Its one redeeming feature was that, unexpectedly, it unbuttoned and unfolded to protect your ears at night, in loose imitation of a Balaclava helmet.

What of the modern War Department? Even Utility has been thrown to the wind, for the beret gives neither shade in summer nor warmth nor dryness in winter. Brown berets. Nasty ugly brown berets. Why?

The answer is only too plain if you tabulate the headdresses and their characteristics, as the Army loves to do. I have tried to assess their merits by marking, out of ten, for the four obvious virtues which the ideal military headdress should have.

Type (*a*)	Intrinsic Beauty (*b*)	Military Dignity (*c*)	Comfort (*d*)	Utility (*e*)	Total (*f*)
1. Hat, cocked, for generals ..	9	10	6	4	29
2. Bearskin, for Foot-guards	10	10	0	1	21
3. Busby, Hussars ..	8	8	4	1	21
4. Helmet, infantry..	4	5	3	3	15
5. Helmet, shrapnel	0	1	0	10	11
6. Caps, peaked ..	2	4	5	5	16
7. Hats, messenger boy (withdrawn)	1	0	0	0	1
8. Hats, side, coloured	Variable	See column (*b*)	0*	2	See column (*b*)
9. Hats, side, khaki..	0	0	0*	2	2
10. Berets, black, coloured or khaki	0	0	8	0	8

* If worn at the correct angle and without elastic under the chin.

Reluctantly one is forced to the view that we are a soft generation. Comfort, at any rate, seems to be the only consideration where military headdress is concerned.

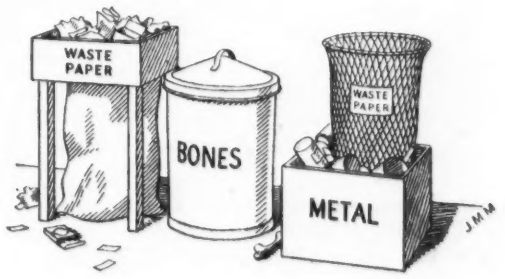
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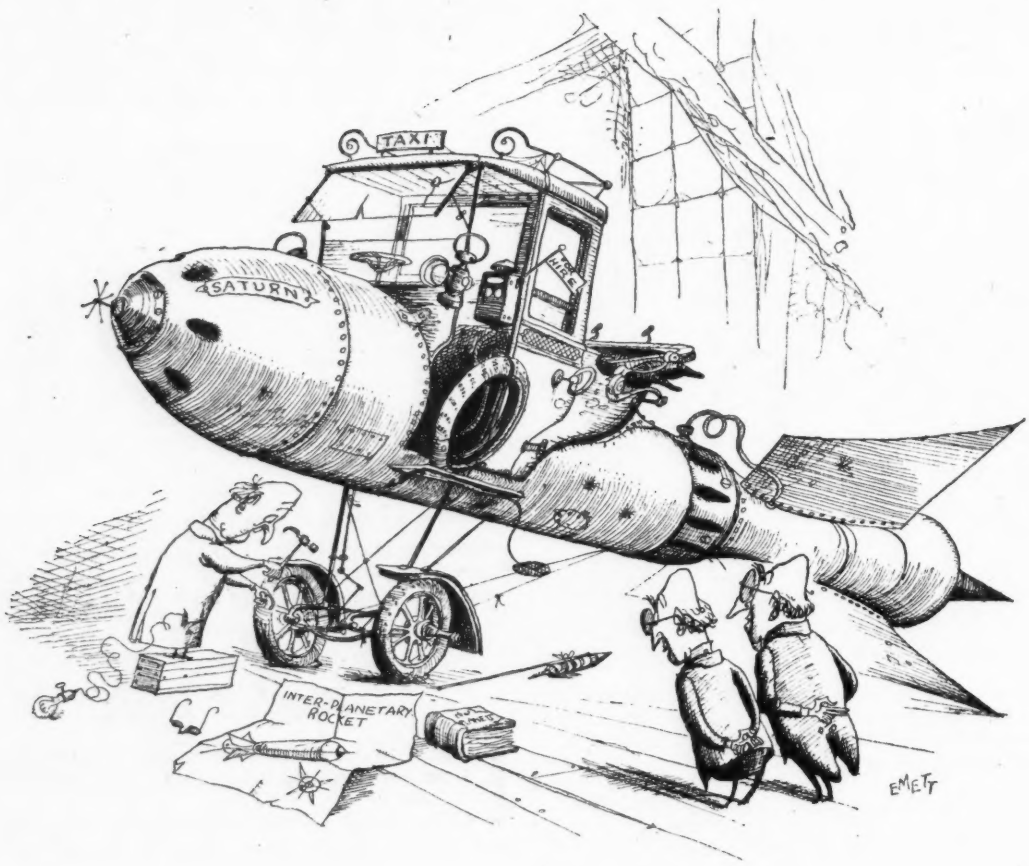
Bagdad Blues

I WANT to feel the rain again, and mow a tennis lawn;
I want to mess about in boats, and watch the bitter dawn
For flighting geese; I want week-ends in pub or caravan,
And I want to live in Chelsea and hear the muffin-man.

I want to hear some music, and read some decent books;
I want to hear my wife and others' wives discussing cooks;
I want to see a parkful of blonde children with blue eyes;
I want to go to church in tweeds; I want to wear bow-ties;
I never want to get another telegram or cable;
I want to find my morning mail upon my breakfast table;
And when the great day comes I want to say "In all my life
I never want to write another letter to my wife."

I want to see a pantomime, a parish magazine,
A pint-pot in a public-house complete with bowling-green;
I want to see some almond-blossom near a red-brick wall;
I want to go to Oxford and dine again in Hall;
I want to scurry home again as quickly as I can,
To settle back in Chelsea and to hear the muffin-man.





"I've an idea the professor's preoccupied with this brave new post-war-world business."

Cologne

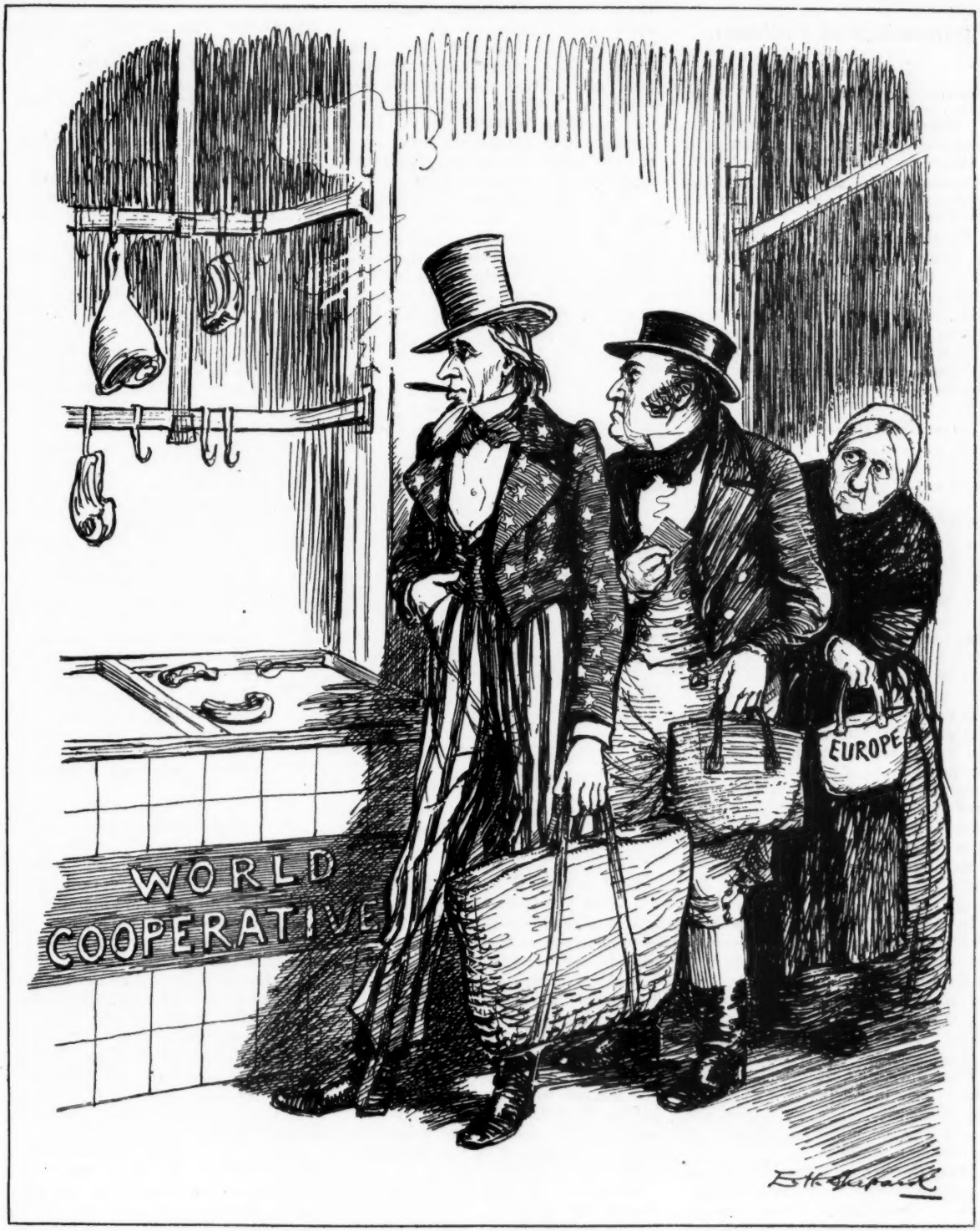
WHEN terms of armistice were known,
And Haig advanced our line,
When Kaiser William left his throne,
And Junkers cooed in dove-like tone,
My regiment marched through Cologne
By the darkly-rushing Rhine.

There then we set ourselves to train,
Brushed up our boots and brass,
Scrubbed off the lingering battle-stain,
Went through the drill-book once again
Swung past the *Dom* to martial strain—
While the glum crowds watched us pass.

Are Zugweg Barracks bombed and burned? . . .
For there we drew clean slings,
And that was where much pay was earned,
Where every draft formed fours and turned,
Till all was well and truly learned
With a snap that peace-time brings.

No doubt the guns will grind it small
Before the tanks go through;
The Hohenzollern Bridge may fall
Beneath destruction's acrid pall,
And nothing may remain at all
Of the Sixth Corps Club I knew.

But memory's eye in retrograde
Could see the unscarred stone,
And memory's ear on Church Parade
Hear "Sussex by the Sea" still played
Along the Hohenstrasse's shade—
As fire engulfed Cologne.



THE MEAT QUEUE

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

***Tuesday, March 20th.*—House of Lords: Hue and Cry.**
House of Commons: Up in the Air.

***Wednesday, March 21st.* — House of Commons: Distribution of Industry.**

***Thursday and Friday, March 22nd and 23rd.*—House of Commons: Housing is Discussed.**

Tuesday, March 20th.—Experts were in demand to-day, and they went about (for a time) with that air of omniscience proper to their status. But later they abandoned their gravity and joined with the rest of the House in hilarity. This (as the Political Commentators say) is the inside story:

Mr. MAURICE PETHERICK is a grave and serious-minded man, even if he does make delightfully witty speeches about most things. But he has always treated the Question-paper with deep respect, and has never used it to make jokes. Consequently, when he put down a question to the President of the Board of Trade asking him "what *arngemerants* were being made by the Government to facilitate the resumption of export trade," the experts got busy with dictionary and encyclopædia.

A few of the more learned stated with confidence that (as was well-known) Arngemerants were much prized in some of our Colonial possessions. What were they? Well . . . Some stern opponents of State enterprise were strongly of the opinion that, whatever they were, the manufacture should be left to private enterprise. Left Wingers prepared to cheer the conversion to Socialism of one whom they had all along regarded as the arch-enemy of that creed.

And then Mr. P. asked his question, and it turned out that he was merely asking the Government to make *arrangements*—which is what every M.P. asks every Minister. The experts folded their books like the shoplifter and as silently stole away. Even the Question-paper must be allowed an occasional misprint.

Then the House plunged into an important debate on flying—the civil variety. Seemingly, almost everybody in the House had a different view on what ought to be done about our post-war air services, agreeing only on two points: (1) that there must be some and (2) that they must be British—inspiration, money, machines, staffs and everything.

As for their Lordships, they were engaged on the now rather familiar task of hunting (on paper) war criminals. Only this time the mixture was a little different, with Lord ADDISON stirring it and the Archbishop of YORK intervening with a speech that somewhat surprised the House.

The Archbishop's view is that Hitler and Company should not have a trial, with all its sensationalism, but that those into whose hands they fall should at once take their lives, without waiting for dawn, even. He made it clear that this fate would befall them for their criminal, not their political, offences.



IN DOUBLE HARNESS

Sir Stafford Apollo and his Civil Aviation Lions
(*After Briton Riviere*)

Lord SIMON, the Lord Chancellor, whose ideas of justice are a little more formal, replied that the Allied Governments had not yet decided what to do with the arch-criminals.

Wednesday, March 21st.—Mrs. MAVIS TATE, who has played many parts in Parliament, to-day appeared as Mrs. Mopp—resembling that voluble charlady in no respect of course except an extraordinary outbreak of initials. She wanted to know whether sisters in the P.M.R.A.F. Nursing Service serving with S.E.A.C. received the same campaign pay as the W.A.A.F., A.T.S., and W.R.N.S.

Everybody listened eagerly for Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR to reply, with Handleian swiftness: "T.A.I.I.T.N.!" But he rather let the standard of the thing down by a formal: "The Answer Is In The Negative." Spoilt it all.

Mr. CHURCHILL mentioned that reports that Britain possesses 700,000,000 tons of food in dumps were a little wide of the mark, the actual figure being 6,000,000 tons. Even that amount would be cut by about 25 per cent. by the end of June, after we had self-sacrificingly sent food to European countries where the situation was desperate.

Mr. RICHARD LAW worked off a bright new edition of the Ministerial "shortly"—"At the soonest opportune moment."

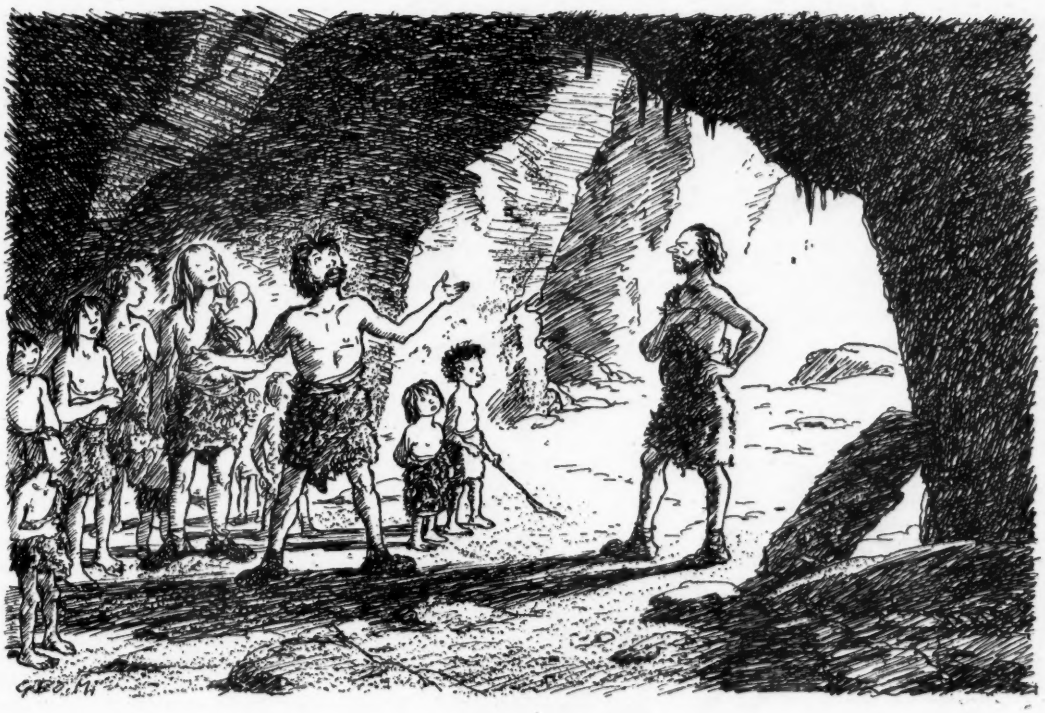
Other Members began to offer contributions to the symposium of new sayings, Miss WARD submitting: "Is the right honourable gentleman aware that we have been at war for nearly six years?" Nobody laughed much, so Commander LOCKER-LAMPSON asked: "If London is the heart of England, is not Birmingham the hands?" But this was taken as an over-subtle advertisement for his own division, *Hands*worth, Birmingham, and he did not get a very good laugh, either.

When Mr. RHYS DAVIES asked a question about the possibility of persuading the B.B.C. to be more careful with its noughts in announcing captures of German prisoners, the thing was clearly getting out of hand, and Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN (of all people in the wide world!) was moved to comment thus: "When statesmen take to wise-cracking, there is not much humour as a result."

So the competition ceased and the House settled down to a nice bright talk on the distribution of industry over Britain's face so that the best results might be obtained for all and there would be no unsightly rashes of unemployment, or spots of depression, or outbreaks of industrial trouble.

Mr. HUGH DALTON, President of the Board of Trade, got so pathological in his speech, talking about "wounds breaking out again," and "a thin skin over the wound," and things of that sort, that some of the Members apparently came over faint. At any rate, they hurriedly distributed their industry elsewhere.

Some of those who remained did not wholly approve the plans, mostly on the ground that they were not ambitious enough. The Minister, however, made it clear that there need be no uneasiness on that score, and that this time the Government really was out to "conquer unemployment." Those Liberals who could remember



"I'm afraid this won't suit us at all—hardly room to swing a brontosaurus."

that slogan when it was theirs some sixteen years ago, looked a trifle wistful.

In the end the Bill to give effect to the Government's plans got a Second Reading. So the stage is set for the conquest of the evils of peace—unemployment and poverty. But the "production" has yet to come.

Thursday, March 22nd.—Mr. HENRY WILLINK, Minister of Health, opened a two days' debate on the vital subject of Housing. He made the most of the Government's case, like the skilled advocate he is, but a great many Members thought the case was not a very strong one and that "the goods" must be delivered both faster and in greater quantity if the most serious problem of after-the-war is to be solved.

Much more will be heard on this subject.

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"The occasion under reference, now more than 40 years ago, had another sequel for me. . . . I accepted Mr. D——'s invitation to become Editor of the new journal. . . . It hardly seems creditable to me to-day that it was so long ago!"—*Article in trade journal.*

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

To One Revisiting a Place of Peace

SPRING falls from the towers, uncurls, uncoils there
To bud and bloom, to leaf's green symmetry,
Under the dimple-dappled heavens that bear
The burning sun, the flower of the sky.

Sunlight lies in slow pools upon these walls,
Tall shadows on these lawns; there it uncurls
The little quince-bright crocuses, and falls
Aslant the reeling spires and level tiles.

There is no place here for you who turned away,
For you who left the shallows of the shore:
The sun across these pillars slides to-day
As oftentimes, but it is yours no more.

Nothing has changed here; you secured alone
Your own more starry night, more fierce noon—
And turned for ever from the lichened stone
Of towers that tumble across a windy moon.

This is the same, but you went from the cool dark halls
Following the swallows, seeking a strange land;
And could not turn from the valleys and high green hills
For the shadow of cherry petals on your hand.

M. E. R.



"By jove, this Trollope is hot stuff!"

Not So Silly

A Child's Guide to Parliament—XV

HA, ha, chil-dren, you thought we had fin-ish-ed, did not you? Well, so did I. But I have now been re-mind-ed of some mis-cell-a-ne-ous matt-ers which must not be ig-nor-ed.

For in-stance, I re-al-ize with horr-or and dis-may I have said no-thing a-bout that im-port-ant ob-ject, the Mace.

And men-tion of the Mace re-minds me that we have not tack-led the o-di-ous sub-ject of Mon-ey.

That is not sur-pri-sing; for, to tell the truth (as your Un-cle al-ways does), he has al-ways been a litt-le vag-ue a-bout the o-di-ous bus-i-ness of pub-lic Mon-ey. (There is, for ex-am-ple, an Aw-ful Thing call-ed the Con-sol-i-dated Fund, which ter-ri-fies him.) But it is de-plor-a-ble, none the less. For the gett-ing and spend-ing of pub-lic Mon-ey is re-al-ly the first bus-i-ness of Parl-ia-ment. And it is a bi-zarre sign of the times that man-y Mem-bers, and all the peo-ple, think ver-y litt-le a-bout that.

Pro-ba-bly, Rich-ard, at the de-light-ful school to which, I am glad to say, you will be re-turn-ing soon, you have dim-ly heard some ad-mir-a-ble mast-er mutt-er wear-i-ly the words "Grie-van-ces be-fore Supp-ly". But I will bet you a yard of chew-ing gum that you have not the faint-est no-tion what it means.

Well, in a way it is the opp-os-ite of "Guns be-fore Butt-er," which is what Goer-ing said to the Ger-mans long ago. Here, in the-or-y at least, Parl-iament—or rath-er the House of Comm-ons—says to the King and his Min-is-ters, "Butt-er be-fore Guns". That is to say: "The peo-ple have not en-ough butt-er" (that is the "grie-vance") "and un-less you see that they have en-ough butt-er we will not vote an-y mon-ey to buy guns for your arm-y and nav-y" (that is "supp-ly").

Put like that, it sounds a litt-le rude and ev-en re-bell-i-ous, but that is the Con-sti-tu-tion. And, wheth-er you think it is rude or not, it is str-i-king-ly diff-er-ent from "Guns be-fore Butter".

And, of course, this is no mere an-tique rem-nant of the past. "Butt-er be-fore Guns" has been said here, quite rec-ent-ly. Not so long be-fore the pres-ent war with Ger-man-y the Min-is-ters re-luct-ant-ly de-ci-ded that they must build up the na-tion's ar-ma-ments a-gain, and ask-ed the Comm-ons to vote more mon-ey for that purpose. And man-y re-pre-sent-a-tives of the peo-ple re-pli-ed: "Oh, no, it would be a mon-strous thing to spend so much mon-ey on the for-ces of de-struc-tion when you are fail-ing to sus-tain or succ-our the poor moth-ers and their star-ving chil-dren. And, an-y-how, your for-eign po-lic-y is un-eth-i-cal and an-æm-ic." So, man-y times, they vo-ted a-gainst "supp-ly", for-tu-nate-ly with-out eff-ect, be-cause there were not en-ough of them.

Note, by the way, chil-dren, that these Mem-bers had no pow-er to pro-pose the *ex-pen-di-ture* of more mon-ey on butt-er. They could on-ly re-fuse to vote more mon-ey for guns.

Hav-ing said that, I be-lieve that in this brief but vi-vid sketch I have touch-ed on all the ess-en-tial fea-tures of the Mon-ey arr-ange-ments. Let us now try to make them clearer. Like man-y oth-er things, it may sound prett-y bi-zarre and mudd-led, but in fact it is jol-ly sci-en-ti-fic and sound.

All do-ings—or, as we say, pro-ceed-ings—a-bout gett-ing or spend-ing pub-lic mon-ey must start in the House of Comm-ons. That is to say, the King's Min-is-ters can-not pop up in the House of Lords and ask Parl-ia-ment to vote more mon-ey for batt-le-ships or tanks: for the Lords have no pow-er to ac-cept such a pro-po-sal on their own. Nor can the poor peers pro-pose that the in-come-tax shall be five shill-ings on-ly, or eff-ect-ive-ly ob-ject if the Comm-ons say that it shall be fif-teen. Part-ly by an-cient rules of the Con-sti-tu-tion, and part-ly by the Parl-ia-ment Act, 1911, the

Lords are out of the Mon-ey bus-i-ness al-to-geth-er.

But ev-en the might-y Comm-ons do not have it all their own way—and for a ver-y good reas-on, as you will see.

What happ-ens is this, I-vy dear. The Crown—that is, the King—through his Min-is-ters, de-mands Money—shall we say a mill-i-on pounds, which is, shall we say, the sum "est-i-ma-ted" as nec-ess-ar-y to build or buy a batt-le-ship. The Comm-ons grant a mill-i-on pounds (or not). That is to say, they a-gree to "supp-ly" it. And this they do in the Comm-itt-ee of Supp-ly. The Lords ass-ent to it for-mal-ly; but they can-not do an-y-thing else.

Note, how-ev-er, Rich-ard—and stop chew-ing—that no pri-vate Mem-ber of the House of Comm-ons can pop up and say: "I pro-pose that we give the King a mill-i-on pounds to buy a batt-le-ship." Such a pro-po-sal can on-ly be made in the Comm-ons; but it can on-ly come from the Crown—in oth-er words, the King's Min-is-ters.

But now, you see, I-vy dear, hav-ing pro-mis-ed to "supp-ly" the mill-i-on pounds the Comm-ons have to find the mon-ey. And how do they do that? Well, for ex-am-ple, they could put a tax on bi-cy-cles, or sell the Isle of Wight, or borr-ow mon-ey from Am-er-i-ca. (And, by the way, they would do an-y-thing like this in the Comm-itt-ee of Ways and Means.) But when I say "they" I do not mean "they"—that is, I do not mean the ord-i-nar-y dogs-bod-ies in the Comm-ons like your Un-cle. We have seen al-read-y that no "pri-vate" Mem-ber can pro-pose to give mon-ey to the King. Nor, on the oth-er hand, can he pro-pose to im-pose or in-crease a tax up-on the peo-ple. The Comm-ons can on-ly do these things when led or re-comm-end-ed by the Min-is-ters. All that your Un-cle can do on his own is to pro-pose the *re-duc-tion* of a tax, or, on the oth-er hand, a pen-sion or sub-si-dy.

"Well," you may say, I-vy dear, "the mighty Comm-ons do not seem to be so migh-ty aft-er all." And that is quite right. No-bod-y in our great Con-sti-tu-tion is all-ow-ed to be too migh-ty. And do you not see how sen-si-ble the rule is? If ev-er-y Mem-ber could pop up when he lik-ed and pro-pose an in-crease in the wi-dows' pen-sions or the Grand Fleet or the Death Du-ties, what terr-i-ble opp-or-tu-ni-ties there would be for tub-thump-ing in Parl-ia-ment and vote-catch-ing out-side! No, no, the func-tions are ver-y cunn-ing-ly but sound-ly dis-tri-bu-ted. The Min-is-ters, in mon-ey matt-ers, must pro-pose. The Mem-bers must a-gree or re-fuse. They can al-ways re-fuse if they choose: but that will mean that they want new Min-is-ters, and a Gen-er-al Elec-tion. So both sides have rea-son to act with re-spon-si-bil-i-ty and care.

If you have the faint-est int-er-est in the Con-sol-i-da-ted Fund, I-vy dear, it is the fund, or mon-ey-box, in-to which all the tax-es and oth-er sums re-ceiv-ed by His Maj-est-y, go, and from which all sums ex-pend-ed on the pub-lic ser-vices come.

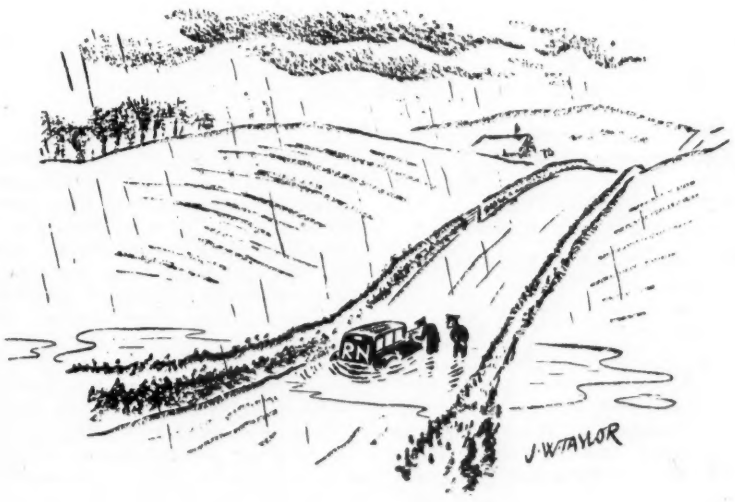
I should tell you now that the Comm-itt-ees of Supp-ly and Ways and Means are just the same six hun-dred and fif-teen Mem-bers sitt-ing in the same Cham-ber; but do-ing a diff-er-ent job, and und-er slight-ly diff-er-ent rules—and a diff-er-ent Chair-man. For in-stance, in Comm-itt-ee you can talk an-y num-ber of times on the same mo-tion, if the oth-er Mem-bers will stand it.

When the House goes in-to Comm-itt-ee, wheth-er a-bout Mon-ey or an-y-thing else, the Speak-er leaves the Chair, and one of the Chair-men takes his place. The Mace, which is the sym-bol of the Speak-er's au-thor-i-ty and pres-ence, is tak-en off the Ta-ble by the Ser-jeant-at-Arms, and sol-emn-ly plac-ed on a brack-et und-er the Ta-ble. Ex-act-ly why the Speak-er goes a-way when Comm-itt-ee work be-gins it is not eas-y now to say. But the first Comm-itt-ees, no doubt, were the Mon-ey Comm-itt-ees I have men-tion-ed. The Speak-er, though chos-en by the Comm-ons, is app-rov-ed by the King: and in the old days, I be-lieve, the no-tion was that, the King hav-ing de-mand-ed Mon-ey, the Comm-ons in-sist-ed on dis-cuss-ing the matt-er by them-selves and would not have an-y-one there who might go off and tell His Maj-est-y what was said. Or it may be that the Mon-ey Comm-itt-ees con-ferr-ed up-stairs, and the Speak-er stay-ed be-low to man-age oth-er things.

You must ask your mast-ers a-bout this, Rich-ard.

An-y-how, the Speak-er goes a-way to his fine house by the riv-er. But he can-not go out for a walk or go to the pic-tures. He must wait there in case the House goes out of Comm-itt-ee or he is summ-on-ed to deal with a dis-turb-ance. It is a lone-ly life. He can-not go in-to the Smo-king Room and en-joy the con-ver-sa-tion, he can-not ev-en go to a po-lit-i-cal club: though pro-ba-bly he would not have been cho-sen if he had not been the kind of man who likes com-pan-y and is con-gen-i-al to his fell-ows. It is not a job your Un-cle Hadd-ock is aft-er. But it is a ver-y great off-ice. One day you must come and see the Speak-er's Pro-cess-ion. At the be-ginn-ing of ev-er-y day he march-es slow-ly through the corr-i-dors to the Cham-ber, the Ser-jeant-at-Arms with the Mace be-fore him, his Chap-lain and Se-cre-tar-y a-stern. There are no swords, no bands, or trum-pets. No-thing is said but "Hats off, strang-ers." But as the strang-ers take their hats off and watch the old man in wig and gown go qui-et-ly by, they per-ceive and un-der-stand the might and ma-jest-y of the Brit-ish Parl-ia-ment.

A. P. H.



At the Play

"Great Day" (Playhouse)

The year is 1942, the month October, the day that on which Mrs. Roosevelt appears at a Women's Institute in Kent. At the end she is left just outside the door, as Queen Victoria was left in the comedy of *Marigold*. We can only hope that *Mrs. Mumford* ("Madam Chairman") copes with her speech of welcome, that *Mrs. Walsh* knows "The Star-Spangled Banner," that *Mrs. Tracy's* eggless cake (plus one egg) is admired without question or reserve, and that *Miss Tomlinson*, most embarrassing of members, is subtly spirited from view.

Great Day may not tell us much about the working of an institute, but it swarms with detail about the women of Denley. Miss Lesley Storm can dash off a character and keep her stage in an agreeable rattle. At present, though, the outline of the piece is fuzzy: the profuse dialogue (something too much of this) needs further selection and shaping.

Early one morning Miss May Hallatt, as the she-Mercury from Headquarters, brings down the secret tidings and the village gets busy—in ways not altogether relevant to the visit. Between one noon and the next *Edna Ellis* has been engaged twice and married once, her father has been drowned, *Miss Fisher* has been locked all night in a shed, and *Mrs. Walsh* has heard of the safety of her missing son. Throughout these alarums the work goes on. Thanks to *Mrs. Mumford*, it will be odd if Mrs. Roosevelt does not echo the historic compliment:

> "Kent, in the commentaries of Cæsar writ,
> Is termed the civillest place of all this isle."

The play is an elaborate dream of fair women—eleven women to three men, omitting the head and shoulders of a pot-boy. First there is that ripe gossip, *Nora Beale*. Whether she is scrubbing the floor or merely hovering in gala dress, she remains happily lumpish. Miss Irene Handl, garrulous and panting, is in character to the last inflection and movement. Second, the Institute leader, and landlady of the "Swan": Miss Olga Lindo has what is for her the easy task of suggesting a warm heart and an ample efficiency. Next, a member with a stage and matrimonial past, a tongue with a tang, a pest of a sister, and a belief in the splendour of her contralto voice. This *Mrs. Mott* is usually good company, though Miss Elsie Randolph's vigorous technique does not always match the methods of her colleagues. *Mrs. Tracy*, touched in by Miss Avice Landone, has everything at home from a Union Jack to a nice bit of bronze ribbon; *Miss Fisher* (Miss Joan Haythorne) is as sour as *Mrs. Walsh* (Miss Winifred Evans) is sweet; and Mr. Charles Groves presents *Sam* the caretaker as a flint from the white cliffs of Dover. One member, the mania-ridden *Miss Tomlinson*, played loyally by Miss Dorothy Dewhurst, is a trying caricature: Miss Storm might have been more reticent here.

Last, the *Ellis* family. The wife is all-sacrificing, and the Major a wastrel, one of the hollow men. He reminds us of a flashier Henry Clegg or of a saloon-bar prop from some novel by Mr. Patrick Hamilton or Mr. Norman Collins. On the night before the Great Day he steals ten shillings: rather than face the magistrates he drowns himself. This piece of plot, with its dramatic heart-to-heart in the early morning, is out of key with the rest of the play, but Miss Mary Hinton and Mr. Edgar Norfolk deal with it unfalteringly. Miss Barbara White speaks for the Land Army as *Edna*, who was to have been a farmer's wife, but who ends as a sergeant's bride. Miss Storm, it will be seen, has kept her stage in motion. Trimmed and sharpened, *Great Day* could be a good evening yet: it is certainly a full one. J. C. T.



VITAL AND HUSH-HUSH CORNER OF VILLAGE

Mrs. Mumford . . . . . Miss Olga Lindo
Mrs. Beale . . . . . Miss Irene Handl
Mrs. Mott . . . . . Miss Elsie Randolph

"Irene" (His Majesty's)

Students of the drama must not confuse this with a play of (almost) the same title by Dr. Samuel Johnson. That on the whole was a sterner business than the American fairy-tale which brought to London the enchantment of Miss Edith Day. After a quarter of a century the piece revives well; "Alice Blue Gown" is still a song to be reverenced. Miss Pat Taylor may not have her predecessor's voice, but she sees that the shopgirl—I-reen is the name—who appears to be a compound of *Galatea* and *Cinderella*, has all the Irish-American charm we could wish. The humour is Mr. Arthur Riscoe's in his cut-and-come-again manner. The latest Arthurian legend calls for female disguise in which Mr. Riscoe's dizzying presence—with a hint of *Mephistopheles* and another of *Widow Twankey*—is funnier than his lines. (How surely this player can govern the stage!) Towards the end of the evening—threaded by the Harry Tierney melodies, with The Song as their queen—Miss Mignon O'Doherty, riding an Irish gale, looks in with all her bravery on and streamers waving. J. C. T.

o o

Crawling to a Conclusion

"It has been the view of successive Home Secretaries that the prison has outlived the purpose for which it was built—namely, the housing of prisoners-of-war during the Napoleonic wars and the war with America."
Daily Telegraph.

Cessation of Hostilities

ACTING on the instructions on the brass plate I rang the bell and walked into my solicitors' office.

"It's just an ordinary lease," said the junior partner, nodding his bald head up and down on its swivel.

"Then shall we," I replied happily, "say so and send it back?"

The sheets of paper which he was holding in front of him trembled a little and he peered at me over the top of his tortoiseshell spectacles.

"There is one small correction I should like to make in your interest," he said.

I thought he was going to hand the lease over to me, and leaned forward to take it, but he retreated further into his chair clutching it tightly.

"It reads, 'The lessors will only carry out any necessary repairs on the cessation of hostilities.' I think we ought to qualify that."

He qualified it by striking it out in red ink.

A week later the lease came back with the offending clause marked "stet" in violet ink and with little violet decorations hung out along its red lines. There was a note in violet ink by the side of it. He read it out slowly, word by word: "The lessors can not agree to this clause being struck out, but are prepared to add the words 'with Germany'"

I slumped back into my chair after having a good look at the beautiful black, red and violet design.

"That seems all right," I said cheerfully; "it'll soon be over"

His head began to revolve on its axis. "It's too vague, too vague," he murmured. "I remember after the last war . . ." He paused. A mass of ancient papers on the shelves behind him fluttered expectantly and a little cloud of dust arose. "We must alter this," he concluded.

"Certainly," I agreed. "What colour will you use?"

"Green," he answered shortly.

"And supposing the ene—the other side want to make a further addition, alteration or qualification, what colour will *they* use?"

He chuckled as well as he could. "We must wait and see."

A week later the lease came back.

With great difficulty we deciphered a note written in indelible pencil.

"Their round," I said shortly. "What will you do now?"

"I think we shall have to agree on it as it stands," he said dejectedly.

"Have you no more coloured inks?" I pleaded. "A beautiful design was emerging."

His whole framework shook and he wiped his eyes with a torn silk handkerchief.

"How does the clause read now?" I continued in confusion.

He read it out: "The lessors will only carry out any necessary repairs on cessation of hostilities with Germany."

He held out the lease and, feeling I ought to do something, I picked up a handy quill and boldly initialled the corner of the design "E. & O.E."



"Have you ever stopped to think that if it wasn't for Hitler we might never have been lance-corporals?"

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Correspondence with My Laundry

I WROTE and said "You thieves,
you've stolen my handkerchiefs,"
and thought if they reply it
will be but to deny it.
But no; they just wrote "Thanks
a lot for yours *re* hanks."

o o

Impending Apology

"The intelligence talk arranged for to-night has been postponed for two or three days. It is hoped this will become a regular feature."
From an R.A.F. station's routine orders.



"Lecture—4 o'clock—on Town Planning."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Osbert Sitwell

Left Hand, Right Hand! (MACMILLAN, 15/-), the first of the four volumes which will eventually constitute the autobiography of Sir OSBERT SITWELL, deals with his childhood, the story of which is prefaced by a brief survey of his ancestors back to the Plantagenet Kings of England and France, and a detailed account of his more immediate forbears, from his great-great-grandparents on both sides down to his father and mother. "Above all, and from every source," Sir OSBERT writes, "my ancestors have for generations been used to getting their own way." The way in which Sir OSBERT has wished to write his autobiography is clearly set forth—"I *want* my memories to be old-fashioned and extravagant. . . . I *want* this [book] to be gothic, complicated in surface and crowned with turrets and pinnacles"; and what he wanted he has got. He is, however, a poet as well as a pageant-master, and is by no means always occupied only with external details and the merely picturesque aspect of the human beings he depicts. He contests George Moore's description of his father as "a prosaic middle-aged man," claiming that he resembled a portrait of Cæsar Borgia, and illustrating his "formal, exquisite and elaborate manners" in a delightful story of how when Arthur Waley was staying with him at Renishaw Hall they twice met on the bridge over the lake and (Arthur Waley being as exquisitely mannered as his host) on each occasion simultaneously murmured "How much I wish we were going in the same direction!" But he also gives the character behind this façade in numerous small touches, ranging from his father's sympathy with him in his night fears to his dread of being asked for money, expressed one day in a sudden unexplained ejaculation—"Such a mistake to have friends!" The author's sister, Edith Sitwell, is another living figure, drawn with deep affection, and his nurse, Davis, is drawn not only with affection but in a happier tone than his other memories evoke. "Anything for peace, Master Osbert!" expressed her attitude to him, and so she gave in when he insisted, at the age of three, on accompanying her on a well-earned holiday to her father, a cobbler near Newbury. After Renishaw Hall, the infant Osbert found life in the cobbler's cottage "warm and compact and lacking in any sense of fear," and his account of walks with the children there through "the fat, flowery meadows" glows as though he were remembering a lost Eden. H. K.

Life or Liveliness?

There are two schools of thought about work. Either you live for it or you live to get away from it. Mr. C. HENRY WARREN is apprehensive lest the former school should be ousted by the latter, a process which too many of the sensitive knowledgeable pages of *Miles From Anywhere* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 10/6) exist to record. The sort of work one would obviously flee if one could, is depicted as happening under a county War Agricultural Committee. Ninety workers were employed on fifty acres; conscripted gipsies decimated the hedgerows, Italian prisoners—in the intervals of roasting spitted frogs over bonfires—put in some hefty trenching, and the land was "raped into fertility." The reverse of this ferocious medal displays a more traditional design, with abundant details of the small thrifty enterprises that are the salt of country life. Here you meet the man who grafts his own apple-trees and the woman who spins the whole of her baby's clothing from locks of wool left by the hurdled sheep on their kale-stalks. The author's culminating plea is for security of cottage tenure. But if you are to have a compulsorily mobile cottager, surely the possession of a cottage—unless it were a collapsible Portal—would rather cramp his mobility? H. P. E.

"Miles of Miles"

In *Canadian North* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 10/6) Mr. MALCOLM MACDONALD, British High Commissioner to Canada, gives us "the description of a journey—a picture of the North as it was at a certain moment in the summer of 1942." The various trips of that journey occupied only a few weeks of time, but since they were made by aeroplane the author was able to visit Dawson City, where demolition workers still wash gold from the dust beneath flooring, the Yukon Flats, Aklavix, capital of the land of the midnight sun, Port Radium (result of one of the most romantic stories in the world), the Alaskan Highway, and many other places in a land that an old negro described as "miles and miles of miles and miles." The book begins with an account of the Hudson Bay Company—the "true and absolute Lordes and Proprietors," and the North Western Company, the names of whose partners sounded "like a roll-call of the clans at Culloden." "Nattily dressed," they travelled in light canoes, and sat in council together. Flashes of that sort brighten a style of writing that is, in places, reminiscent of a school text-book. Indeed the story is as suitable for boys and girls as it is for grown-up readers, for it includes many tales of trappers and Eskimos, huskies and Red Indians as well as a most enchanting description of a bulldozer at work—"It could waltz round

in a very confined space. And when it raised its snout to avoid digging into the ground it bounded forward at a rollicking pace. No highly trained circus horse performing trick steps was ever more sensitive, dainty and skilful."

B. E. B.

Misadventures of a Georgian Spinster

Miss Elizabeth Ham's autobiography, written in 1849 when its author was sixty-six, is a pathetic variant of the Brontë theme of the depressed and aspiring governess. The middle-class English papa of the period neither undertook to marry off his daughters—having toiled to provide them with dowries—or to educate them (if education it can be called) for competitive wage-earning. Elizabeth was boarded out betimes with relatives, to relieve a congested family; and two or three abortive love-affairs finally landed her with an intellectual Unitarian household as "a valued inmate." In the interval she learnt to make "cheese equal to Stilton"; but as she "could not well fancy a lady with her hands in a cheese tub" she deserted cheeses for novel-writing and composing an *Infant's Grammar*. Mr. ERIC GILLETT, editing *Elizabeth Ham, by Herself* (FABER, 10/6), cites her career as a counterblast to anti-feminism; and certainly Elizabeth, who disliked "mankind," has more in common with the first of the suffragettes than the last of the housewives. The details of her life in Dorset, Guernsey and Ireland include amusing glimpses of George III's sojourns in Weymouth; but Elizabeth is no hand at a narrative, and her literary chances, like her matrimonial ones, are chiefly conspicuous for their frustration.

H. P. E.

Sir Howard Elphinstone

Mrs. MARY HOWARD MCCLINTOCK has given a charming account of her father, Sir Howard Elphinstone, in *The Queen Thanks Sir Howard* (JOHN MURRAY, 18/-). Howard Elphinstone's arduous and self-effacing career as Governor and Comptroller of the Household to the Duke of Connaught was the result of his service in the Crimea, where he won the V.C. In his youth in Edinburgh, as a second-lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, a Court life would have seemed to him a most improbable destiny. "Away with the speed of a sluggard to the office which I did not reach till 12" expresses his general attitude to work at this time. The death of his favourite sister sobered him, and then came the Crimea. Two sketches of the British soldier, one depicting him in July 1854, smart and erect, the other in December 1854, in rags and leaking boots, suggest something of what the army went through in the Crimea, and also show Elphinstone's talent as an artist. Not long after his return to England he was recommended to the Prince Consort as a suitable Governor to Prince Arthur, then seven years old. The dominating figure in his life henceforth was Queen Victoria, to whom, when he was taking the prince round Europe, he wrote voluminous reports, one of them, ten pages long, composed in a mountain hut, to the music of snoring guides. A late marriage to a beautiful girl of twenty brought him the happiness lacking to his middle years, without impairing the great affection the Queen felt for him, though when he announced his engagement her attitude indicated that, as in the similar case of Lady Augusta and Dean Stanley, she felt it to be "so unnecessary."

H. K.

Fascism in Argentina

Mr. RAY JOSEPHS, we are told in an enthusiastic foreword, flew to Buenos Aires as a "gringo" reporter in days before Pearl Harbour and remained to become one of the few serious American journalists to cover South America and utter powerful warnings against the stealthy growth of Fascism that was threatening its twenty nations. In this book, entitled *Argentine Diary* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), he begins with the crucial year of 1943, when the Castillo regime was in power and there came into being the National Unity Front, pledged at all costs to maintain Argentine neutrality. "Argentina for the Argentines and No Foreign Interference" was its watchword, and it followed the Nazi line very closely. Then, on June 3rd, Castillo was turned out, leaving on a minesweeper, and after a certain amount of disturbance Ramirez took over. Madrid worked hard to keep Argentina from breaking with the Axis, which would have cut Hitler's last link with America for espionage and propaganda. Towards the end of the year came a military coup in Bolivia, apparently the work of a young fanatical military clique—much like that in Argentina—only that in Bolivia they were majors instead of colonels. Mr. JOSEPHS closes his diary with the fall of Ramirez and the rise of General Farrell, at first refused recognition by Washington. For a short space Argentina and Bolivia headed the Fascist Parade in Latin America. But the successes of the Allies were bringing about a change of opinion, and it was Farrell, in the end, who was enabled to break definitely with the Axis. The book has value historically, but it is written in American journalese at its most strident pitch, containing an extraordinary number of strange flowers of speech.

L. W.



"Dear Sir,—I wonder if one of your readers could tell me the author of the following lines . . ."



"And at the fishmonger's you'll have to show a sort of nonchalant eagerness to take anything he offers you."

The Curse of the Botle

By Smith Minor

I HOPE there won't be anyone who won't like what I'm going to write about this time, there may be, becorse, well, it's not very nice, and you can't get away from it the readers of *Punch* are a bit above the ordinery, but if there are I want him, her, or them to know that I thort about it a lot before I desided, and also talked it over with Green, he saying,

"Why not?"

"There are certin things you wuoldn't write about in *Punch*," I said, "thouh you might in a paper called, say, *The Low-Down News*."

"Tell me one," he said.

"Well, fl**s," I said.

"You may be right, I don't know," he said, "thouh I shuold think it wuold be interesting, espeshully if they were performing ones, but anyhow wuold an artickle on fl**s help anybody?"

"There you are," I said.

"No, I'm not, young Smith," he said. "What *you* want to write about may help a lot of poeple."

"I'm honestly not sure that it will," I said.

"But you mean it to," he said.

"Well, of corse," I had to say.

"And I've worked out it's what you mean that counts," he said, "not what you do, if you jujed me by what I did you'd get nowhere."

"Supose you mean to make a century and are bowled first ball, all you count is nort," I said.

"I can't help that if I've tried my best for my side," he said. "Supose I meant to shoot Hitler but hit you by mistake, wuold you blame me?"

"I think I might if I cuold," I said.

"Then it wuold be a good thing you cuoldn't," he said, "becorse you shuoldn't. Listen, young Smith. What you want to write about is the Curse of Drink becorse you want to stop it, and no one is going to blame you for that."

"All right," I said, "I'll risque it."

So now I will.

The begining was all right, anyway, becorse it began on one of those splended days when you think spring has come, even if it hasn't, and all Life sudenly becomes roseyat, if you know what I mean. A blackbird sings in a tree, it may not be a blackbird, but you think it is. What is that in the distence? The first primrose?

"And if with egerness you run
To find if flowers have begun,"

and it only turns out to be one of those

yellow bits of paper they enrap round toffy that someone has thrown away, the paper, I expeckt you know them, well, anyhow, it might of been a primrose, and even the worms poke up their heads, saying they have heads, I'm never sure, to see the Wonders of Nature, and you cover them up quickly with earth before some bird will spot them.

Note. I think I ouht to say that what the reader has jest read, thouh honestly by me, isn't new, it being in an Essay on Spring I wrote last year, but as I got 8 out of 10 marks for it and of corse this is the first time it has been printed, saying it is printed and the Editer dosen't deside to cut it out, I thort I'd put in it. End of note.

Well, anyhow, as we walked along, Green being with me—whenever I say "we" the other one is always Green unless I let you know—and he being jest as kean on Spring as I am, sudenly we saw something sticking out of a distent ditch.

"What's that?" I said.

"It dosen't look like a bit of Spring," he said.

"It may be an animal coming out of hybbernation," I said.

"What's hybbernation?" he said, not knowing, and I for once knowing more than him.

"It's where animals go in the winter," I said.

"Well, I'm glad I'm not an animal," he said. "This looks like a funny one."

"You can't get away from it," I said.

"Then let's get to it," he said. "If my opinyon's right, young Smith, this will turn out to be an animal with only two legs whose had a bit too much hybbernation."*

Of corse that isn't what hybbernation means, but one knew what he meant, and when we got to the ditch it looked as if he was right, thouh all we cuold see was a pair of boots pointing upwords, and you cuoldn't juje jest by them.

"We'd better see what they lead to," said Green. "You pull one boot and I'll pull the other."

Wich we did, and all we got the first pull was the boots. They came off becorse they were undone, but after we had put them on again and done them up, we pulled again, and this time they held, and up came a person. I won't discribe him, becorse honestly I don't think you'd like it.

"Well, now we've got him," said Green, after we had, "I supose we've got to deal with him. How dose one deal with a man surounded by ditch?"

You see, in a way, he still was, becorse a lot of the ditch had come up with him.

"What we nead is a close brush," I said.

"A close brush wuold be about as useful as trying to blow the armor plating off a battleship," he said.

"Why wuold one want to get the armor plating off a battleship?" I said.

"I didn't say one wuold," he said, "all I said was, if one did, don't start blowing. What we nead for this mixchure of man and mud is a road-sweaper. Ha! He opes his eye!"

"Lo! He dose," I said.

And e'an as we spoke, he did. It was rather sad, but interesting, to watch him. First he opened one eye, then he closed it, and then he opened the other eye, then he closed that, and then he opened both together very quickly, and kept them open.

"Is there two of yer or on'y one?" he said.

"Two, we hope," said Green.

"Blime me, now yer looks four," he said.

"We're only two," I said.

"If we were four, we'd look eiht," said Green.

"Eiht what?" he said.

"Us," I said.

Then Green took me a little way off, and said,

"It is as we feard!"

"He might be jest deleerious," I said. "He wuoldn't be able to help that."

"No, when you're deleerious you don't see more of what is, but of what isn't," said Green. "He's drunk."

Note. I thort at first of writing the above word with stars, like I did "fl**s," but as this artickle is all about it, at least from now on, you'd proberly guess, so why worry? End of note.

"Well, what are we to do?" I said.

"Perhaps we don't have to do more than we've done," he said.

"We can't leave him where he is," I said.

"Why not?" he said.

"He may get up, fall down again, and get run over," I said.

"Yes, he was safer in the ditch, we'll put him back," he said.

"If we put him back and it rains, he'll drown," I said.

"But he must be somewhere," he said.

"Not where he'll get run over or drown," I said.

"Wuold that matter?" he said.

"Oh, Green!" I said. (But I want you to know that Green isn't realy like that sounds, he jest pretends he is, but acktually dose many kind things behind one's back, hiding his light under a butchel.) Then I went on, "We may not like him, but he may have a wife and severel children."

"That's what I meant," he said. "Anyhow, if we hadn't come along he'd still be in the ditch."

"But we have come along," I said, "and he isn't."

"Next year I shall not come out with you looking for Spring," he said. "Hark! He singeth!"

And, it's true, he was. We turned round and waited for him to stop, but he must of thort we liked it, becorse he went on for a long time. I won't put down what he sang, what we understood was orful and what we didn't understand was proberly worse, as a matter of fact we're trying to forget it, but it only showed what drink cuold do, and all at once a fealing came over me that I get sometimes, making me wish this world was a better place, thouh mind you a lot of it is all right, I can't explane it, but I get it. And when I get it I do things I cuold never do without it, and that surprize me afterwords. It's almost as if I wasn't me but somebody else, no, I can't explane it.

"STOP!" I said.

I've written that big becorse I said it lowdly, in fact it was so lowd that he did stop, and Green says his ears are still wringing.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" I said.

"What?" the man said.

"You heard," I said, becorse he must of. "Mind you, you may of had bad luck, I dare say you have, in wich case one's sorry, but how can you stand there singing fowel songs while others are doing honest work all over the world's surfiss, or even under it?"*

What he said next I won't put down.

"Are you married?" I said.

And the next thing he said next I won't put down ither.

"Listen," I went on, fealing somehow as if I was getting bigger and bigger and that he was getting smaller and smaller, I had the fealing once before in a dream when I was talking to Hitler. "If you are married what about your wife and children who are starving at home wile you drink in a ditch, and if you are not, how cuold you expeckt anyone to marry a man who, if he was, wuold prefer wine to wives? Give it up, man, give it up! Every day one can start fresh, I knowing. Give it up, and go back to lemonade!"

You will be surprized that I said all this, so was I, in fact we all were, but you can't get away from it, I said it.

And then an extrordinery thing hapened. Insted of going on saying things I can't print, the man began to

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*Miners. *Auther.*

cry, and I felt that if I wasn't jolly careful I'd begin, too. Green told me afterwords that he had a good blub himself, but I'm not sure if that was true. Anyway, the upshott was that he, the man, promised he wuold never touch another drop, and Green and I gave him one-and-fivepence for the fresh start. You can't start on nothing.

Now you know why I risqued writing this artickle. Mind you, I'm not saying you'll nead it, but someone else may.

Weather the man will stick to his promise or weather he won't is one of those things one will never know. Green thinks he won't, and I think he jest may. But weather he dose or weather he dosen't, you've got to keap on hopeing. I'd do that, honestly, even if I was a worm.

o o

The Treasure

"IT is my greatest treasure," I said, as I showed her round the flat we had reluctantly agreed to share. Economy and a little legitimate wishful thinking about the probable end of the war had dictated our decision.

I explained that the fairly pretty cups I had imported could be cracked without rancour, that pudding basins were procurable once more.

"I am not a fussy woman," I went on; accidents would happen, live and let live, I maintained was the note, and it was never any use crying over spilt milk, but I did ask her one thing: would she mind being very, very careful of this; and I gave a little tender polish to the patent glass coffee-percolator I had placed gingerly on the draining-board.

Secretly I doubted if she appreciated the scientific triumph it represented, its intricate system, its rarity, its efficiency, its fragile nature, but I attempted to point out what consideration it merited and gave some account of its purchase, of its astonishing survival of time and careless hands. I exhibited the excellent if unwieldy container in which it had crossed continents and weathered the chances of war-time conditions. I spoke of the unique quality of the coffee it produced. The extra trouble and time it entailed were amply repaid. I smiled tolerantly at her admission of coffee made casually with a kettle, as it might be tea. It was a pleasure, I pointed out, to study the last refinement of the art, a privilege to experience the last subtlety of science in the kitchen.

All went well. We each had our allotted task, we were polite, we made allowances, we minded our own business. Each morning the coffee-machine scrupulously performed its part. To watch the long procedure became a ritual. A special time was set aside for washing it up.

Naturally I had faced the possibility of disaster. Possessions, I so often said, were lightly held. If the worst were to happen I had considered my attitude. It would be impossible to sense my chagrin. A broadminded pardon, an acceptance of fate, a controlled regret, a smile, a kindly word of advice that haste rarely paid, that it was always worth putting in the extra minute, pausing before any delicate task.

Then one morning it happened.

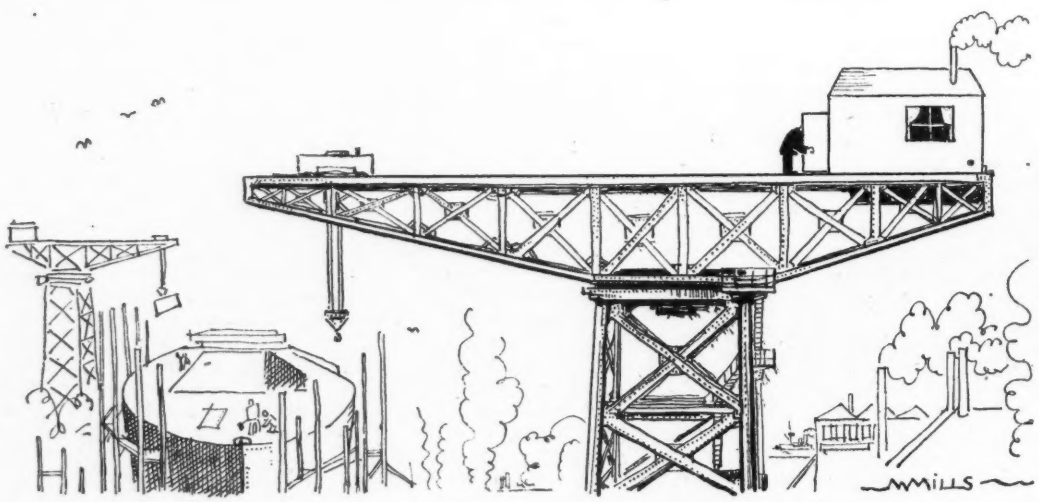
I was fast asleep, for it was time to get up.

The door opened with a rattle. There, white and distraught, stood my companion.

"I've broken it," she said.

With no time for thought, no opportunity for poise, I sat up and, blinking in the strong morning light, spoke from the bottom of my heart.

"Thank goodness!" I said.



"Is dinner ready yet, Maggie?"

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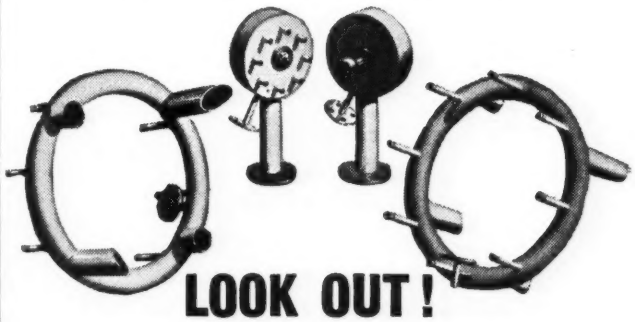
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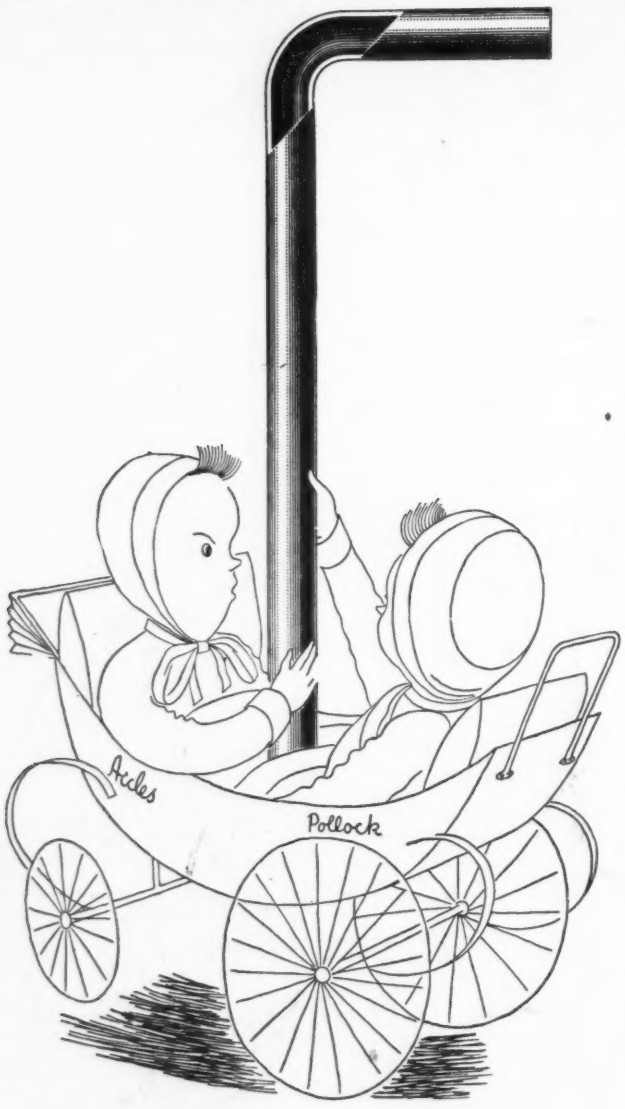
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